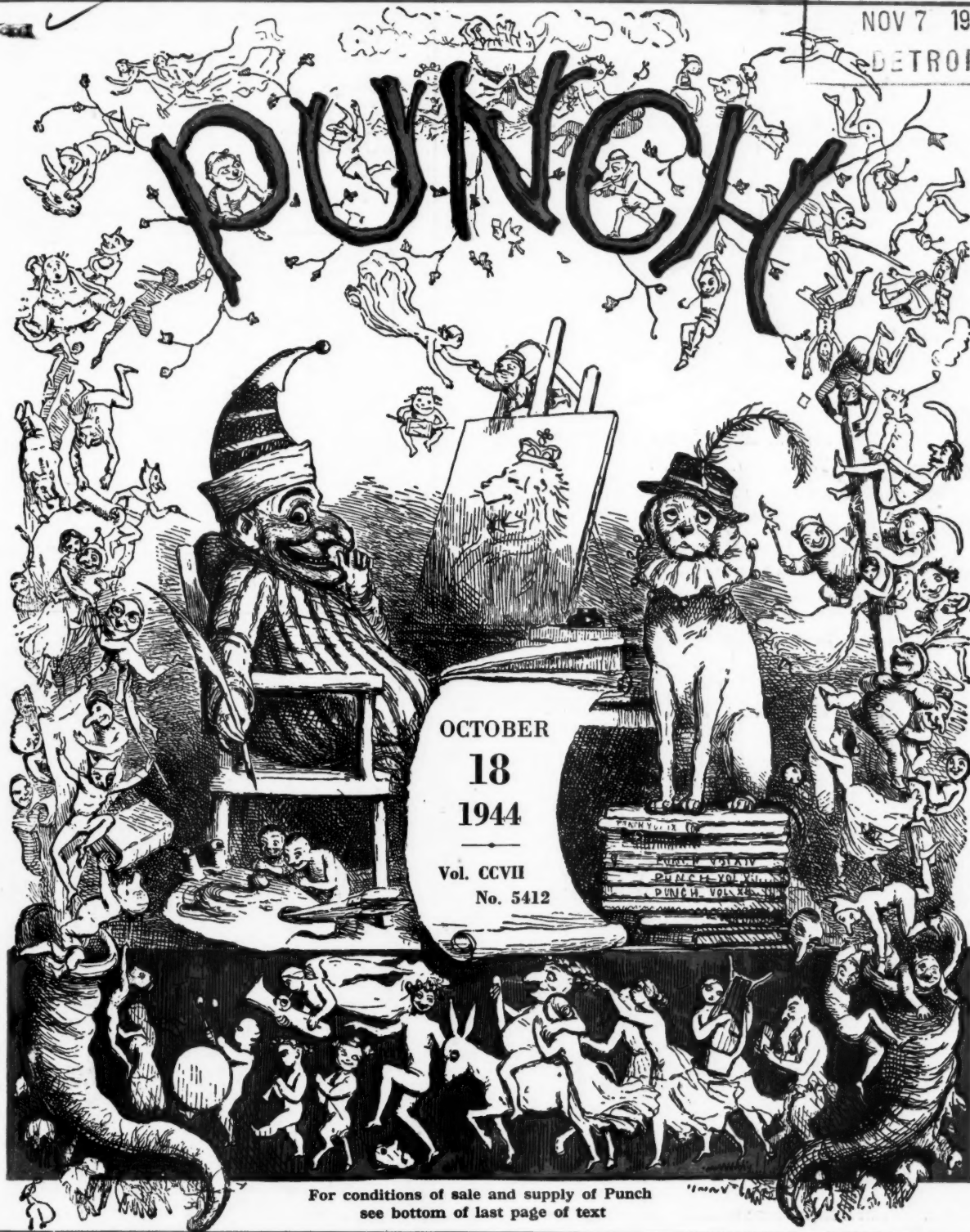


SYNTHETIC TYRESneed to be treated with special care... **DUNLOP**

4H/129

NOV 7 1944

DETROIT



OCTOBER
18
1944

Vol. CCVII
No. 5412

For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

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the lovable fragrance

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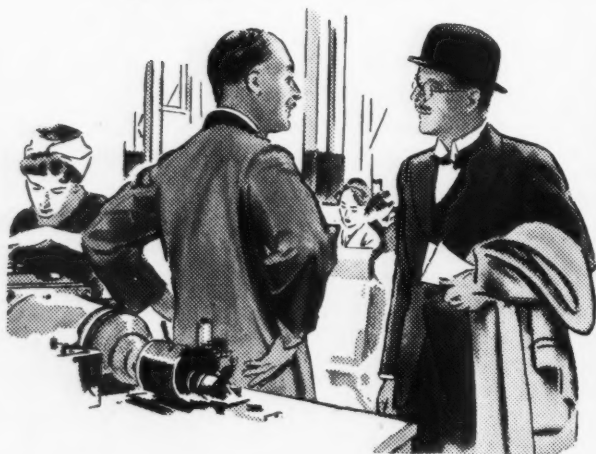
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**"Standing up nearly
got me down, Mr. Barratt**



For the first few months this job fairly 'gave me the works' as far as my feet were concerned. On them for hours at a stretch. Then a friend here gave me a tip. Simple! I'd heard it before. *And it worked. It was*

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Barratts, Northampton—and branches all over the country.

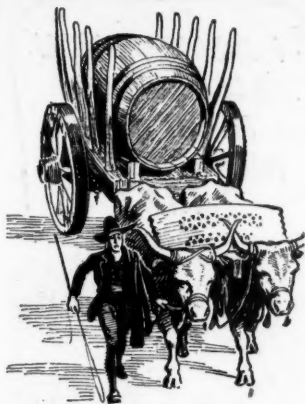


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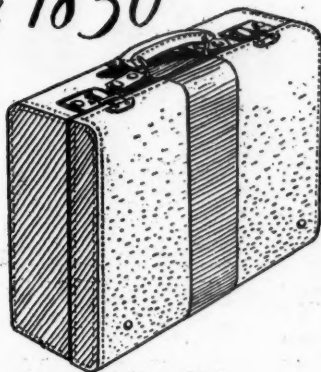
Good drapers and stores everywhere stock GOR-RAY Skirts with the 'ZWOW' Pocket in a variety of styles.

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Skirts

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'A'**

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THROAT'S SAKE*

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MURRAY'S
MORE THAN
ME!



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MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE

MURRAY, SONS AND COMPANY LIMITED BELFAST



HOPE IS ON THE HORIZON

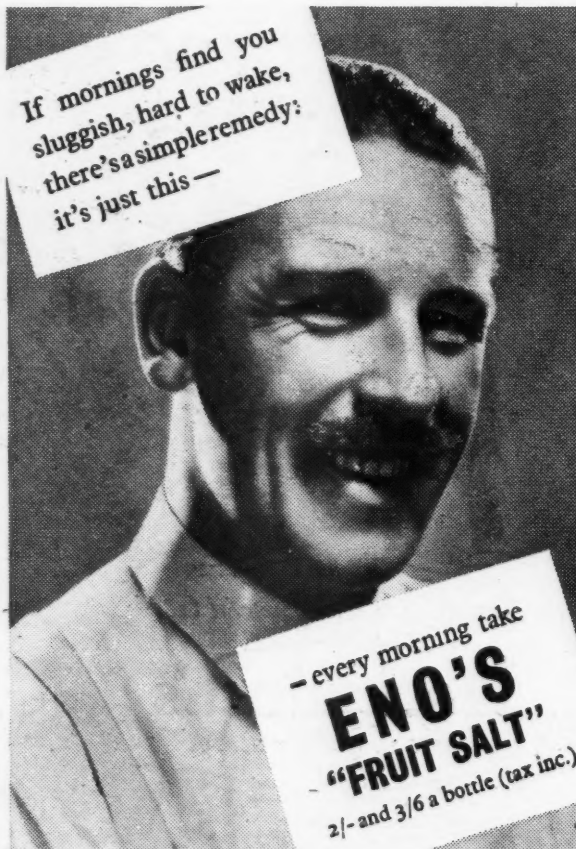
LET us take heart. Let us sound a clarion call of hope. Cancer is NOT incurable. Caught in its early stages, this dread disease can be arrested—even cured. Some patients walk out of The Royal Cancer Hospital at Fulham Road, London, every week . . . discharged . . . free to embark on a new and often un hoped-for lease of life. Isn't that something to be proud of? Only by unrelenting research, grim patience and dogged endurance has such progress been possible. Please send a gift to Secretary.

The Royal Cancer Hospital

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there's a simple remedy:
it's just this —



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"FRUIT SALT"
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I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

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Makers of High Quality Biscuits

EDINBURGH
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Inspired by Francis Wheatley's famous 'Cries of London'



Among those cries of London—immortalised by Francis Wheatley—you would have heard in the cobbled streets the cry: 'Fresh gathered peas!' Modern days have brought with them modern ways, and countless people—at least in peaceful times—bought Batchelor's Canned English Garden Peas. Batchelor's were pioneers in canning peas for British tables. To-day, like all Batchelor's Fruits and Vegetables, they are hard to obtain simply because our fighting men have priority. But Victory is on the way and with Victory—

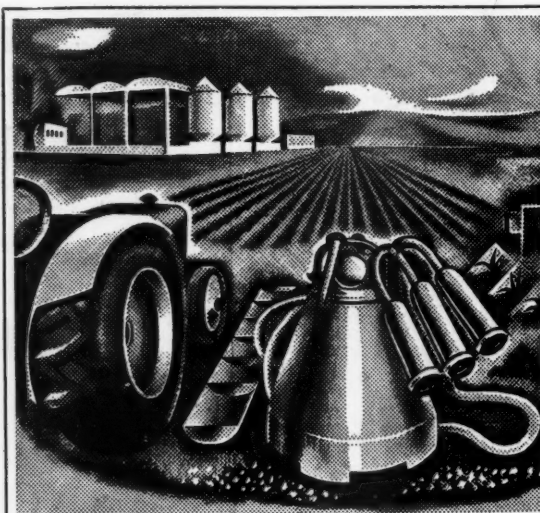
Batchelor's ENGLISH CANNED
FRUITS AND
VEGETABLES

Let's have a cup
of BOVRIL..



You can't beat a stimulating cup of Bovril to sustain and keep you cheerful during these vital times. Cook with Bovril; it helps to make your war-time dishes tastier—and remember, Bovril spread on toast with snacks is most appetising. The war has changed many familiar things, but the high quality of Bovril remains the same.

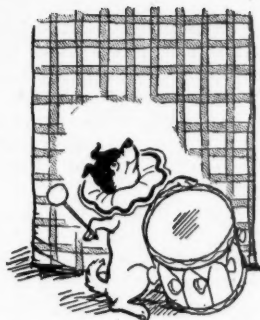
In Bottles—
1 oz. 7½d; 2 oz. 1½d; 4 oz.
2½d; 8 oz. 3½d; 16 oz. 6½d



FARMER'S PROGRESS

THE farm of the future! . . . Much of our agricultural inheritance which was more picturesque than effective will have disappeared, to be replaced by modern structures designed to fit a purpose, in the attainment of which they achieve their own beauty. Farming practices, whose only merit lay in their antiquity, will be discarded; the farmhouse hoard of cash and notes for business transactions will give place to a banking account—an account which the Westminster Bank, with its long experience and deep insight into rural problems, is unusually well qualified to handle. In every department of the farm an ever-increasing value will be set upon efficiency, rather than tradition; already great strides have been made . . .

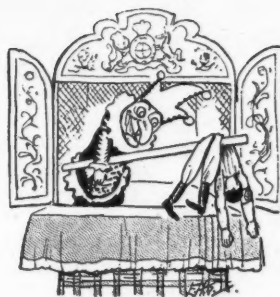
WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED



PUNCH

Or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCVII No. 5412

October 18 1944

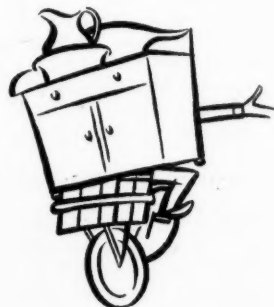
Charivaria

THE Germans have been told that they are to have less coffee. Thus Goebbels once more proves to them that their leaders can achieve the impossible.

Field Marshal Goering will be fifty-two next January, he is optimistic enough to think.

Most of the Balkan countries are now belatedly helping the Allied cause. Even Bulgaria is lolling her passage.

Science is going to apply itself seriously to interplanetary communication, says a news journal. It is confidently believed that by now Mars is really interested in us.



For the first time a radio performer has played a tune on a drinking straw. The programme director took some convincing that it was the first straw.

It is now known that the war will be a good deal shorter than was so confidently denied five years ago by our short-term pessimists.



A journal pleads for a square deal for the small haulage contractor. He is being too much put upon.

The quality of bread and sausages is to be improved. Or, to put it another way, the quality of bread is to be improved.

"By the time your body is completely filled with air your arms should be straight above your head and apart."—*Beauty hint.* Something should have happened, anyway.

A legal authority doesn't think that Hitler and Goering could be charged as war criminals. But they might be given something out of the poor box.

Old gramophone records are wanted to help in the manufacture of new ones. We have heard new gramophone records that could be employed more usefully for this purpose.

There are indications that prices are gradually coming down. It is hoped that certain articles which cost two or three pence before the war will soon be obtainable for a shilling or so even in the sixpenny stores.

Mussolini, who was reputed to have made Italian railways run to time, could not have foreseen that British railway carriages would one day be reserved for Italian collaborators.



"Too little has been said about those who have fought the Battle of Transport," says a columnist. The sociologists would have said plenty if they hadn't lost their notebooks in the queues.

"In the matter of contributions also, while I had many irons in the fire none of them came home to roost in time."
Indian diocesan magazine.

Roast, surely?

"Sometimes there is even a shortage of soft drinks in the canteen," says a soldier. It is pathetic when all a regular customer can get is a pint of beer with a prune in it.

October

ON beds of mist, his labour done,
To gild the coast and sea
Now sinks the manumitted sun,
And all the stars are free.

Now drifts the gold, the crimson leaf
Triumphant on the noon
To rescued earth, and not in grief
Comes up the watery moon.

The tyrant hours have torn their stamp
From grasslands dim with rain,
The hills have left their prison camp
And shouted to the plain.

Who gave the mountain stream the word
That bonds no longer bind?
The forest and the field have heard
The trumpet of the wind.

The day has tossed his yoke aside
The night has ceased to fear,
And many a gallant man has died
To save the falling year. EVOE.

o o

Splitting the Second

A GREAT load was taken off my mind by the recent announcement that the present Greenwich chronometers are to be replaced by a new type whose margin of error will be a thousandth, or perhaps only a ten-thousandth, of a second a day instead of what will no doubt soon come to be known as the old hundredth. At the same time I was pained to detect in a leading article commenting on this change an undercurrent of railery, a faint suggestion of the attitude that Astronomers Royal will be Astronomers Royal but this sort of thing doesn't really matter. I confess that at one time I was equally ignorant. I used to think recklessly that a hundredth of a second was good enough for me; indeed, in my more irresponsible moments I often said that if the Astronomer Royal tried working to a second a day for a month or so it would all be the same in a hundred years' time. But when I took the trouble to think the matter out carefully I was horrified at the slovenly imprecision under which we have suffered so long.

Looked at in the setting of history it is true that a hundredth of a second does not seem an inordinately long period, and it is also true that it needed the age of speed to bring out its importance. But the world has moved far since Nelson could turn his deaf ear to his chronometer. Let me demonstrate.

Suppose I regulate my watch by B.B.C. (that is, presumably, Greenwich) time, testing it carefully over a period of twenty-four hours, and suppose that after that I let it go for a week. After all, these adjustments by the hundredth of a second are so delicate that they occupy several minutes, and I cannot afford the time every day. What it will be like in future, when I am trying to put the

instrument back, say, three ten-thousandths of a second, I cannot imagine. But the future must wait a bit.

Now it is clearly possible, in the circumstances I have explained, that my watch may be seven hundredths of a second wrong by the end of the week. This in itself seems little enough; indeed, my watch has frequently erred by whole seconds. *But in this instance I shall innocently imagine it to be right.*

Meanwhile, dear reader, your watch may be just as far out the other way, especially if you regulated it on a different day; our watches will therefore disagree by fourteen hundredths, or almost one seventh, of a second.

Now let us imagine some situation of the brave new world, say ten years hence. You call me up on your pocket radio. I pull out mine and make contact. (In passing I might mention that since the wireless wave travels seven times round the earth in a second, and since we are out of rapport by a seventh of a second, it would appear that your message will have to go right round the earth once before I catch it. There is, I fancy, something faulty in this reasoning, but the point is unimportant.)

"Oh, my love, my love!" you cry (or "My trusty friend!" or "Venerable sir!" or whatever you may consider appropriate), "I am beset by four ruffians and in five minutes they are going to hang me!"

"My sweet!" I answer (let us suppose), "what is your latitude and longitude?"

You supply the figures, but our longitude readings, based on noon observations timed by our respective watches, disagree by the distance the earth spins in a seventh of a second—something like forty or fifty yards. If you have forgotten to allow for Summer Time the error will be rather more than twenty-five thousand times as big, but in any case it is fatal; for it will no doubt be dark at the time, and by the time I actually reach the right spot you will have just expired.

It makes you think, doesn't it? It makes you shudder? And well it may.

Stay, great heaven! it has just occurred to me that our rôles may be reversed. Is not that a thought for the imagination to boggle at? Mine, I admit, has boggled over.

Well, there is just one typical scene of the future. You will think up a dozen such in a moment, and you must surely admit that this is a matter of the most urgent importance. Let the Astronomer Royal replace the old nick of time with this promised new model as soon as may be—or I shall write to his M.P. about him.

An irrelevant but curious detail may be of interest. Last week my watch lost exactly twelve hours, so that on Saturday night I did not have to adjust it by so much as a hundredth of a second. It was a bit of pure luck, of course; I do not regard the incident as typical, even of war-time conditions.

o o

In-Other-Words Corner

"I. TAKE NOTICE that pursuant to paragraph (2) of Article 4 of the Fire Guard (Business and Government Premises) Order, 1943 the Regional Commissioner, being the appropriate authority under the said Order for the premises specified in the Schedule hereto, hereby makes the following amendments of the arrangements respectively in force under the said Order for the said premises:—

Any provision in any of the said arrangements which requires a specified number of persons to be available at any of the said premises shall, having regard to the present stage of hostilities, have effect as if it required that number of persons to be liable to be called to those premises if and when required by the occupier for the purpose of performing duties under the said arrangements."—*S.E. Region Civil Defence Order.*



THE HIMMLER YOUTH MOVEMENT



"Just step outside, John, and see if we've enough light shining."

In France Again

I

LAST time we entered the little harbour of X— we were sailing a 10-foot "pram" dinghy, with one daughter, in bathing-dress, and a dog aboard. We had sailed, rather riskily, eight miles along the coast, the last adventure of a happy holiday. We handed the dinghy over to the railway people, to be sent on to the *paquebot*, and we had our last *manger* at the Café M—. Parliament had been summoned, and we were haring home; and the *patron* of the Café M— had been called to the colours already.

To-day we entered the harbour in a more powerful vessel: but she proceeded as delicately as the dinghy. There was a sunken block-ship on one hand, a blown-up jetty on the other; the big hotel was a mess. We came sadly to the bend in the harbour. The

Café M—, at the waterside, would be flat—either *bombardé* by the British or *démoli* by the Germans. And the *Tout Va Bien* and the *Café des Tribunaux*, and all that jolly corner where the main street comes down to the harbour, and the train for Paris used to puff across the road among the fisherwomen.

But it's not! *Mon chapeau*, it is not! It all stands. And looks much better than it ever did, because from every house hangs a tricolor or Union Jack. We almost ran to the Café M—, still not quite easy in the mind. For Madame might be dead, or—horrid thought—in jail as a "collaborator". But no, there she was, still bonny and beaming, still crying to some unseen person "*Deux champions!*" What is more, she recognized us as we came in and clasped our

hands and said that we were the first of her English *amis* to return. We gave her our pound of coffee.

And so, friends of the Café M—, we have to announce, the Café M— is well and truly liberated. There is a cloud, of course—for the liberators. We wanted to sit down and have a ceremonial *manger* at once. The *prix fixe* for *déjeuner* was twenty-two francs, and for *dîner* thirty-eight. But, very rightly, the Allied forces are forbidden to eat French food. Fierce commands to that effect hang everywhere; and here, at least, they are strictly observed.

It is tantalizing, we confess, to walk about the streets and see the old alluring invitations to "*alimentation*" everywhere, and have to pass them by. But it is thrilling to be able to walk the streets of France on any terms, to

see the people at their placid shopping, or gaily carting back the furniture. And it is still permissible to sit in a *café* with a rather-far-beer and listen to the French talking politics—what the Boches did to them and what they would like to do to the Boches. This is fun—even if you understand only one sentence in a hundred, which, we find, after five years without practice, is about our average. We like to hear them talk about “*Eux*”—i.e., “Them”, the Germans. “*Il ne voulait pas travailler pour Eux.*” “*Eux*” crop up in every other sentence, far more frequently than “Les Boches”, and with far more contemptuous effect.

In holiday-time at the sea-side, you may remember, one of the big things to do, if nothing else offered itself, was to go down and “see the Boat come in.” Here there are no “Boats” of that sort. But it is a great thing every day to see the ships and the landing-craft come in, with supplies and vehicles and soldiers for the front. Best spectacle of all, for the French, are the landing-craft; for these not only bring the fresh young British troops but take away (a few minutes later) the sad and smelly German prisoners. They do not jeer at these any more: but they like to see the “Master Race” depart. Moreover, they goggle—rightly—at the technical wonders of the landing-craft, whether their imperious maws are discharging clean Englishmen or swallowing dirty specimens of “*eux*”.

“*Eux*”, for example, made a good many bangles in the business of demolition. But one thing they did most thoroughly, and that was to shatter every lavatory pan in the town. This characteristic signature of the Herrenvolk has not escaped some local comment. It is indeed a heroic picture—the conquering Master Race, departing, without a fight, in agitation and disorder, too much in a hurry to make a good job of military demolitions, but remembering in every billet and mess to send some warrior up to the bathroom with a hammer.

It is impossible to understand the mind of “*eux*”. All agree that the behaviour of “*eux*” in these parts was “*très correct*”—until just before the end, or, at least, until the Allies landed. Then, in countless ways, they became “*très méchant*”.

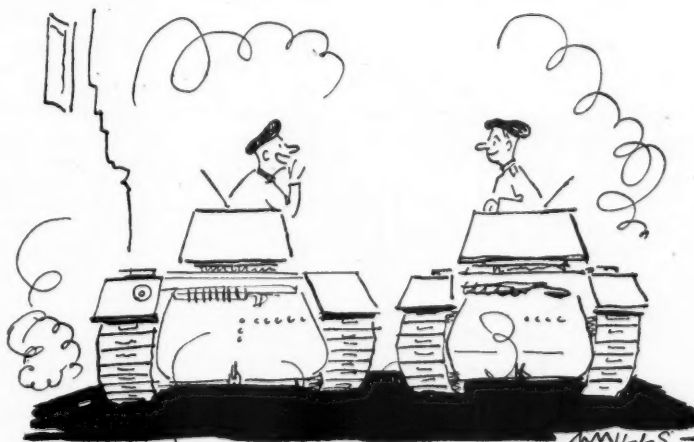
But “just at the end”, when a man knows that he is beaten and will have to go, surely anybody but “*eux*” would try to leave a memory as “correct” as possible. Oh, no! The Order of the Day is “Germans, we retreat. Shatter the lavatories!”

No *manger*—no *vin*—no *bain*—and not a lot of *lumière*. Do not, my friend, make hasty plans about your next holiday at —. But we did, at the end, have one glorious, yes, one spiritually glorious *manger*, which somehow at once restored the past and guaranteed the future. We made a great effort, with a British officer, to reach our old holiday-hotel, seven miles along the coast, where M. et Madame X— have seen so many English families go brown—and grow up. All the way the obscene traces of “*eux*” polluted our memories. The golf-course was covered with their absurd anti-glider poles and other military contraptions. And half-way there we found the road blocked by a vast, absurd, impassable concrete wall. The hotel, they told us, could not be reached, anyway. It had been the centre of savage fighting, and, though not *démoli*, was heavily *miné*. But M. et Mme. X— existed still. We turned inland, and wandered about the woods, among the charming red-roofed hamlets, and at last we found them in a lovely house.

It was 11.30. We knocked on the door. Madame came out, not looking a day older; and she was so delighted she looked like twenty. We embraced, on both cheeks. Marie came out, not looking a day older. We embraced. Two new and tiny grandchildren came out. We did not embrace them, for they wore tin hats and had a gun, and clearly belonged to the F.F.I. And last was Monsieur, seventy-four now but not looking a day older. Not in his *chef's* rig now but very neat and statesmanlike. Rather like Lloyd George. The family were at *déjeuner*,

and Monsieur, I could see, had had but a nibble of his meat. But he insisted that we joined them and darted away to the kitchen. Madame produced a bottle of red wine—almost the last of the few. Everybody talked at once. Never was so much excitement in so small a space. All France, all England, were in that little room. Always they had wondered where Monsieur Haddock was—and how was Madame—and *les jeunes filles*—and *le petit Jean*, whom they remembered, it seemed, about three feet high. Suddenly there appeared a giant omelette, with ham on top. We told them that *le petit Jean* was now a six-foot sub-lieutenant; that two of the *jeunes filles* between them had produced seven grandchildren. They were thrilled. Another bottle of red wine appeared. We stood up constantly and drank innumerable toasts. But where was Monsieur X—? Surely the grand repast was over. By no means. Monsieur X— returned with two delicious bits of steak, and all the vegetables in France—a miracle of rapid cookery. We drank more toasts. *Le petit Jean*, in recollection, grew smaller and smaller. A bottle of champagne descended from the skies. We protested. “Keep that,” we said, “for someone else!” It was no use. We were the first—we were the occasion for which they had waited. We drank more toasts. They remembered our first visit, twenty years ago. *Le petit Jean* was now in his cradle. They gave us peaches. They gave us butter. We reeled away—raving but rapturous. France was truly liberated. We had been in France again.

A. P. H.



“If we hurry we should be able to capture it in time for the nine o'clock news.”

Arrest that Man—He said it was Tuesday!

OVERJOYED though I am to find that the new series of *Monday Night at Eight* includes another "weekly detective problem," with another fruity detective and another corny catch-phrase, I shudder more energetically every time I hear these things at the thought of what they must be doing to the popular attitude to the slight unintentional inaccuracy and the small lie. Broadly, as things are going, it is getting more and more probable that every time you are misled into a slight unintentional inaccuracy or caught out in a small lie you will be suspected of a murder. If there hasn't been a murder, that's too bad, but as soon as there is one people will think you did it.

Consider this example of a Detective Problem, constructed by me at no expense at all specially for this article. My detective's name is Reddin Toothunclaw, and his stooge we will just call Stooze. (For this kind of detective, all the world's a stooge.)

Well, they stumble on a murder. You hear them doing it. A door opens and shuts, Reddin Toothunclaw is heard humming to himself, and Stooze is whistling—off key (characterization). There is a little back-chat designed to draw the listener's attention to Stooze's habit of whistling off key. Suddenly Reddin Toothunclaw gives an exclamation: "Good gracious me!"

Stooze asks what's up. Well, wouldn't you? (Verisimilitude.) Toothunclaw says "So they got him in the end, poor fellow." Creaking sounds, indicating that Toothunclaw is bending down. Stooze gives an exclamation: he, too, has noticed something. He implies, for our benefit, what it is: "Is he dead, Red?" (in a hushed tone).

Toothunclaw replies "Shot through the heart," without (this not being *Itma*, not by about seventy-two hours) adding "Bart."

Now there arises what is always the big trouble for us writers of detective problems—how to get at once to the questioning of the suspects, without going through all the preliminaries that in real life and in the first hundred pages of a detective novel diversify the way. About the simplest and coolest method of doing this is the one used in the first problem of the series that started the other night: the

sleuth says, just like that, that *there are only two men who could have done whatever it is*, and steams off to grill them.

Here then is Reddin Toothunclaw bending his stern gaze on his first suspect, a black-browed man (I don't know why I'm telling you all this) with eyes set close together in a florid face rather like that one used to see sometimes painted on an egg. We will skip all the introductions and the characterization and the atmosphere and the sparring for an opening, and get straight to the suspect's attempted alibi: he says that, bless him, he has been in jail for the last six months and has only this minute arrived home after being let out, and in the next room are his friends, five off-duty warders who came with him for a drink, who will back him up.

Toothunclaw questions the warders. The first one says Yes, that's right, they all came here in a Number 784 bus, and were just going to settle down for a drink when the knock came on the door; the second says Yes, that's right, they were just going to start drinking their beer when the bell rang; the third says Yes, that's right, just as the door was being opened he was just rearranging their coats and hats on the pegs while he was waiting; the fourth says Yes, that's right, he was just about to turn on the 100-watt lamp in the middle of the room; the fifth says Yes, that's right. (We've got to have *one* character who doesn't stick his neck out.)

Here there is a lull, and Stooze says What about going to see the other one of the only two men who could have done it?

Toothunclaw says with tremendous *éclat* that there is no need: "*I know who killed So-and-So*," he says, speaking in italics and naming the body in full down to the least emphasized initials. Stooze is absolutely thunderstruck. "You know!" he gasps. "But—" Oh, well, you know all this bit by heart yourself.

At this point "Puzzle Corner" or something intervenes, but then we get the solution. Reddin Toothunclaw pounces on (*eeny, meeny, miney, mo*) the fourth warder. There is a moment of confusion—"Quick! Look! Back! He's got a gun! Bang! Oo! Swish! Crack! Hup!"—and the criminal is disposed of. And then in a calm, amused tone the detective explains: "My poor Stooze—the man said he was about to turn on the 100-watt lamp in the middle of the room."

"You mean—" Stooze begins doubtfully.

"Exactly. The lamp in the middle of the room is only 60 watts. The 100-watt lamp is in the corner."

One can hear Stooze's mind thawing and breaking up like a frozen river of ineptitude in the spring of enlightenment. He begins to whistle, off key. . . .

All I want to point out is that if by his inaccuracy the fourth warder proves himself a murderer, the proportion of homicides in the whole party is positively Borgiastic. The original suspect must have killed somebody, because he said the five were all off-duty warders, and there are never five warders off duty at once; the first warder is a murderer, because he said they came home in a Number 784 bus and there is no such bus; the second, because he mentioned *beer* and a *bell*, and he should have said *gin* and a *knocker*; the third, because they didn't have hats, they had caps; the fifth . . . oh, the fifth was just ballast.

So much for this week's detective problem. Listen next Wednesday for another in the series designed to prove that inaccuracy with details is the mark of Cain, and see where it gets you.

R. M.



The Merchant Navy Men

THEY know no ease, the
Merchant Navy men,
Not home, with the good day
done,

But the high gale and the steep
sea,

The searing of cold and of sun;
Voyage end, and voyage begun.

They may not rest; they wait in
the dusk, the dawn,

The flash and the tearing of steel,
The ice-wrap of the cold wave,
The cinders of thirst in the throat
And madness that sits in the boat.

They know no help, they see
these things alone;

No uniform, linking in pride,
Nor the hard hand and the
straight brace

Of discipline holding upright,
But their own soul in the night.

They claim no gain, the Merchant
Navy men;

A wage, and the lot of the sea,
The job done, and their fair name,
And peace at the end of their way.
They give; must we not repay?

Punch Comforts Fund, 10 Bouverie
Street, E.C.4

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

Notice to Cast

IF our *Macbeth* is to go on at all the practices will have to go off better. Mr. Tingle is fed to the teeth with the giggles that have got so catching, and whoever started all the different ways of saying "Hail,thane of Cawdor!" ought to be shown up. It is a bit off if the producer cannot come into the room without someone blurt-ing out the latest version, "Call, thorn of Hay-door!" and sending all the other players into parrotisms of mirth and falling helpless among the scenery every time they look at one another. In any case a better one than any of yours would be Hall-Caine of Thawdor, but Mr. Tingle can control himself if others can't.

The arrangements for the appear-ance of the ghost in *Macbeth's* chair have again been the subject of people old enough to know better acting as if they were too young to know the difference. If any more wrong things appear instead of *Banquo* and spoil a good scene there will be an entire re-shuffle of the stage hands, who might also keep their minds on the

play instead of pontoon. This week Mr. Tingle's picture was taken out of the governing body's room and made an apparition of with the hair blacked out with whitening and one hair put on, and that is the last straw as Mr. Tingle does not like having his wig rubbed in.

The less said about the cauldron is best. All that is worst has been thought of to put in it and be produced from it, so that Mr. Tingle sometimes does not know if he is producing it or

a bunch of hyenas. It has to reach a limit some time, so why not at the dress rehearsal Friday? Do let's see what you can really do.

J. TINGLE, Producer.

o o

Impending Apology

"It is at present in use in our hospital, and in the hands of Capt. W. G. ———, R.A.M.C., has proved to be foolproof."

Medical journal.



"Hullo, Jones—how have you been all this time? How many more did YOUR neighbourhood get than mine did, and how much closer did YOUR nearest one come down?"

Tins



"Now remember, Mrs. Barton, no biting."

The Conductresse

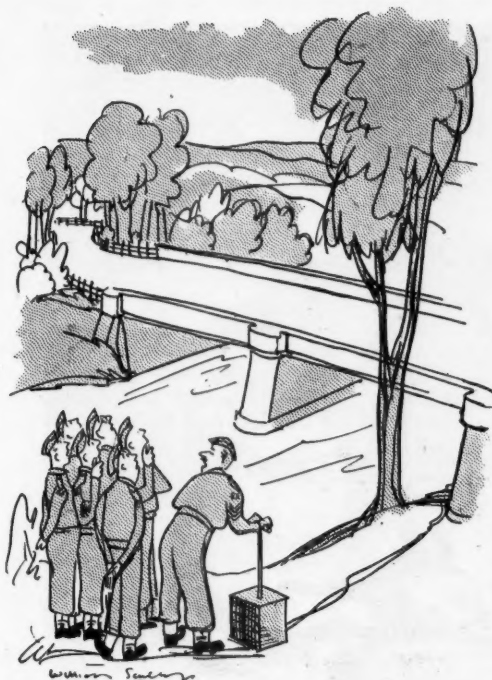
ANOTHER lady was with us al-so
That coude moche of wending to and fro
Up-on a fyr-rede engin through the toune.
Certes, she wolde climben uppe and doune,
And aske if everichoon had payed his fare;
Ay 'Stronde' wolde she calle, or 'Lester Square'
When as hir engin stopped by the weye.
She had, by rule, up-on hir cote greye
A gaud wher-on was grave hir estat,
For of hir craft she was licenciat.
Aboute hir sholdres heng a walet depe
Ther-in she kepte hir pennies in an hepe
That chinkede as it were a miseres horde.
When as hir passagers were com a-borde
Evere a litel belle wolde she ringe
That merrily did sounne ting-a-linge;
A smale gaget had she by hir side
Ther-with she ponched billets for the ride
Of everichoon, accordaunt to his wille.
I woot of viaging she hadde hir fille:
Yet sikerly she was of merye chere,
And fetis al hir takel and hir gere.
Thogh she was wery, she was stout of herte,
And in the kinges werre had born hir perte
With lowly patience and high corage
Whan that the bombes felle on hir viage.
Brighte were hir chekes lyk a newe pinne;
She hadde a loket, and ther was ther-inne
Hir lordes face, that hadde longe y-go
To fighten in the felde ageyn the fo:
Evere she wayted on his coming hame.
Gentil she was and kinde: I noot hir name.

IT would be nice to begin this article by saying who invented tinned food, and it would be even nicer to be able to state definitely that it was Sir Walter Raleigh or Edison. But we should always try to be accurate, and so I will not go further than to say that tins would have been invented rather than discovered, which rules out Raleigh but not Edison.

What exactly (to go on being accurate for a bit) is a tin? Well, a tin is not really made of tin but of tin and something else mixed. The public does not know what else unless it is reading about it at the time, when it remembers it probably knew all along. Still, every tin looks as if made of tin, because tin to the public is what tins are made of. The shape of a tin is either cylindrical or squarish. If squarish it is because the food it encloses is squarish too, and will stay so when we take it out of the tin; unless it is sardines or allied fish. I shall say something about these exceptions later. If a tin is cylindrical it encloses the kind of food which pours or spreads over the plate; unless it is chopped ham and so forth. As chopped ham looms rather large in the public's mind just now I think I shall deal with it right away.

The first thing to do before you open a tin of chopped ham, whether square or round, is to see if Nature has provided it with a little spanner and special instructions, and if so it means you need not have bothered to get out the tin-opener after all. But if not, then you must make a special effort to find it, because no amount of hole-punching or cutting round a bit of the lid with tough scissors will get the chopped ham out in the shape Providence ordained, and to scoop chopped ham out of a tin is to deny ourselves half the pleasure of eating it, as well as about an eighth of the chopped ham. There are two kinds of tin-opener, standard and advanced; one has an aeroplane propeller and ratchets, the other is a sort of modified ploughshare, and both have their supporters, according to which kind their supporters happen to have. Those who use the advanced kind have a nasty moment when they reach that thick bit which every tin lid holds in store for us, but those who use the standard kind on a tin of chopped ham have a series of nasty moments when, as they plough round the edge in a series of jags, it seems to them that each jag will have further ruined what lurks inside the tin. I should have said earlier that when you open a tin of chopped ham it is very important to cut round the side of the tin and not the top, so as to take off the whole lid and a certain amount of chopped ham with it. The next stage is to place the tin upside-down on a plate, pick up the whole outfit and shake it furiously. The point of this first shaking is psychological, or to get us in practice, because it is well known among tin-users that nothing solid will ever leave a tin until we have what is called been round it with a thin knife. After that we have only to shake it some more to get a telepathic message that our shaking has worked. This is without qualification the climax of the process. Psychologists trace it back to the old sand-castle days, but I think it would be fairer to count sand-castles as mere preparation for getting chopped ham out of a tin.

I have dealt at some length with chopped ham because the process covers anything else solid like tongue or corned beef. Now I must say something about sardines. Science does not tell us why sardines should always come in those flat oblong tins, but it is probably because the sardine-tin inventor heard the phrase "packed like sardines" and



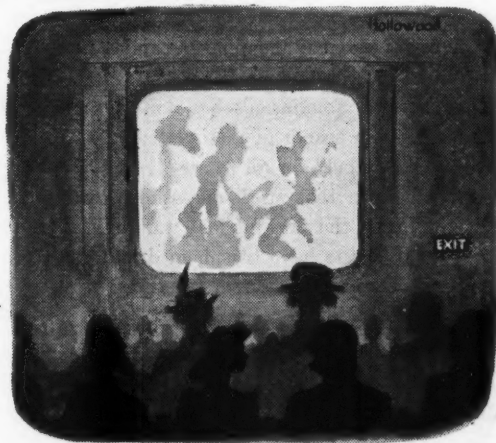
"Of course this is only a rehearsal."

decided to work from that. It is certainly true that more sardines occupy less space in a flat tin than any other way, and this means that we should take more care about getting them out, because there is less room for mistakes than with, say, apricots. Nature has been even more careful here about providing a little spanner with each sardine-tin, the idea being that we should roll the tin back diagonally round the spanner. All this the public knows; what it does not know, each time it starts rolling the tin back, is that it is going to roll it crooked, that no amount of brute strength or unrolling will put matters right, and that it will end by ploughing round the lid with its tin-opener and mashing the sardines up just like last time. I don't want my readers to lose heart, because it is essential to start on each sardine-tin with all hope possible; but I can cheer them by pointing out that if the next sardine-tin they open has no spanner, and nor have they, it will make no difference in the end, though they may think so at the beginning.

Well, so much for tin-opening, except to mention the surprising fact that it is enough, when making the hole by which you start a standard tin-opener on its way, to lean on the tin-opener; hammering is over-keen and apt to jump the end glass off the draining-board. Why it is surprising is because so few facets of the housekeeping world are easier than they ought to be. Now I must say something about cooking food from tins. The accepted way is to turn the stuff out and, if it wants heating up, to treat it honourably by putting it in a saucepan. The only

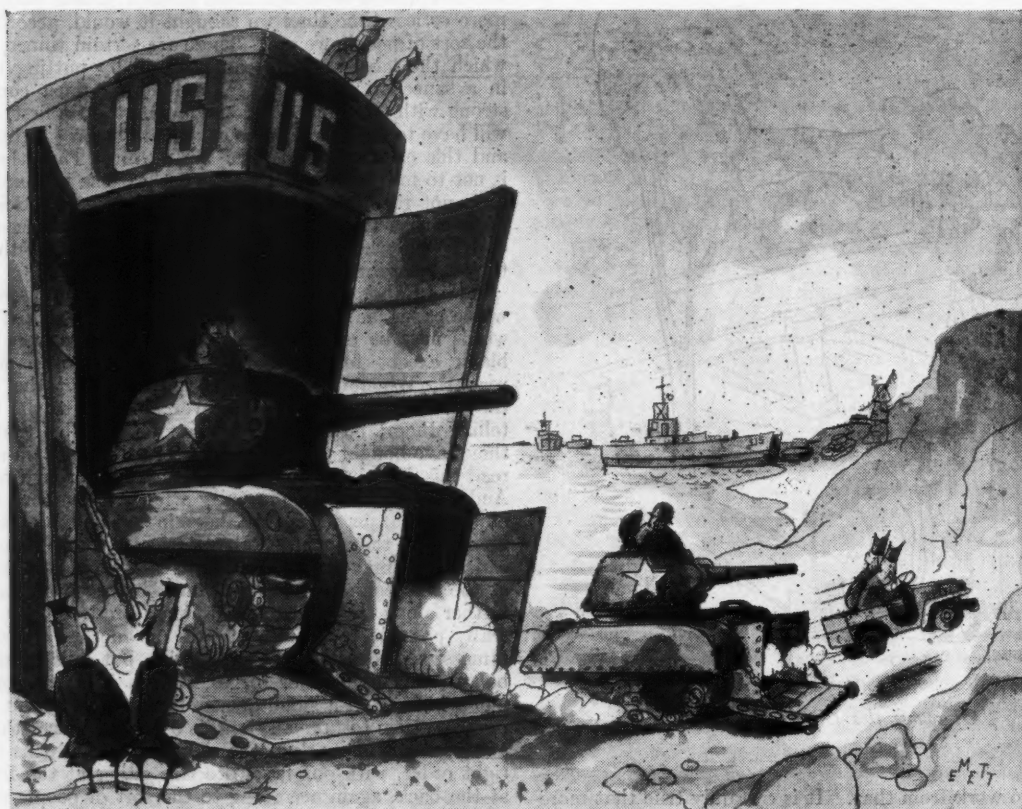
advice I need give here is that when food is being heated up, as opposed to cooked from scratch, it will take either more or less time than we thought it would, according to the sort of people we are. There are certain tinned things which the label says we can heat up by putting the tin in a saucepan of hot water, and here I must come out strong with two hints. One is to open the tin first, or you will have to wait for it to go cold again before getting at it, and this cannot be what the tin meant. The other hint is not to mind too much when you hear the tin exploding. It is not really exploding, just pretending to. Scientists believe that this is a natural law introduced recently to cure people who happen to be cooking this way of thinking they are having too carefree a time.

A word about tin-labels. Sometimes these extend to a whole paper jacket, sometimes they are mere strips; or the words may be printed on the tin, or the tin even be left blank except for the baldest statements of name and weight. When tin-readers see the bit about the weight they are always grateful, however muzzily, to the tin for telling them; it seems so honest, because by that time they have bought the tin. Only very thorough tin-readers read this, but tin-readers are always very thorough readers. And to end up with I must say a few words about tins as objects; that is, as space-takers in cupboards. It is an interesting, though not perhaps scientific, truth that you can always make room for one more tin by pushing hard at the tins behind it, but you must be prepared for a tin farther along the shelf to assert itself suddenly. It is not really possible to balance one tin on another exactly the same size, because of the raised rim, but it is possible to balance one smaller, or bigger, though it is a bit wild to put a big tin on a small one. It is very efficient every now and then to take all the tins off a shelf, clear the shelf and put the tins back in the right order. All tins have a right order, with our favourite tins either at the front or at the back, again according to the sort of people we are. Finally, it does not matter which way up you put a tin, at least it does not matter to the tin, but I should like to know how many of my readers keep their tins with the printing upside-down; and if, when they so carefully turn a tin the right way up, they ever stop to think what victims of education they are thereby showing themselves to be.



"Isn't this where the people in front came in?"

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"... rather overdoing things, don't you think . . ."

Lines Composed While Waiting in Tomlinson's

SINCE first I stood in Tomlinson's and waited
My mind has dwelt upon Eternity:
That is what Tomlinson's has done for me—
One humble soul in search of methylated,
An empty bottle held for all to see . . .
While up and down that stark emporium, staring
With ovine gaze, the faithful fold wait on.
A few curt strangers have blasphemed and gone,
But one must learn the vanity of swearing
To be a customer of Tomlinson.

A door swings back: a boy assistant enters.
Drab-featured, yet a radiance in that gloom,
He bends his pert incurious eyes—on whom?—
A glib-tongued crone whose conversation centres
Upon the imperfections of a broom. . . .

But soft! Amid her sweeping exposition,
Whose range and passion leave the awed sense numb,
A voiceless tremor, like a distant drum,
Conveys the strangely sedative monition
That Mr. Tomlinson himself has come.

All doubt is dead. The man is plainly present.
His tweed-clad poise relieves the igneous air.
He might not know the throng stood waiting there,
So suave his tone is—so detached and pleasant—
Disposing of the broom and its repair.
No ill-judged haste is here to sow confusion,
And milling marketers regain their breath.
Here shopping seems no longer Life and Death.
I find instead that Time is all illusion
And learn, without surprise, there is no "meth."



"ELEVEN"-LEAGUE BOOTS

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Monday, October 9th.—House of Commons: Does Penance.

Tuesday, October 10th.—House of Commons: Expansion is Proposed.

Wednesday, October 11th.—House of Commons: A Debate on This and That.

Thursday, October 12th.—House of Commons: Weather Forecast.

Monday, October 9th.—Monday sittings are rare things these days, and everybody seemed to be suitably impressed by to-day's assembly. It was a sequel (as the Sunday papers say) to the events of the previous Friday, when Mr. CHURCHILL himself intervened to prevent a row in the House over the compensation to be paid to people who lose their land or buildings in town-planning schemes.

Mr. CHURCHILL, with the engaging frankness that endears him to the House, made it quite clear that there had already been a pretty considerable row in the Cabinet on the topic, and (with the military skill that endears him to the nation) he effected a disengaging movement by asking that the part of the Town and Country Planning Bill dealing with that thorny subject be dropped.

At once all the pent-up passions (these Sunday-paper expressions *will* creep in!) of Labour and other Members were let loose. A good old-fashioned political row took place, with people like Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN enjoying their ability to trot out the normal clichés about grabbing landlords, swag, and the iniquities of the Tory Party. All this Mr. CHURCHILL bore philosophically, and in the end he got his way.

But it held the Bill up, and the Monday sitting was decreed as penance. Sir HERBERT WILLIAMS, who never takes anything lying down, made a powerful speech on a clause that had become meaningless as a result of the elimination of the clause before it, but justified his verbosity (or eloquence) on the ground that Parliament was boss and he was part of Parliament. Therefore . . . and so on.

Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN thereupon decided that he had been silent long enough, and weighed in with some more about swag. Lady ASTOR, who is also given to weighing in, did so and, in the course of the subsequent mêlée, appeared to say that Sir HERBERT WILLIAMS was a "hypocrite." An appeal to Caesar (otherwise Major MILNER, in the Chair) produced a

command that the noble Lady should withdraw the comment. Whereat Lady ASTOR raised the defence (always good in nursery litigation) that Sir HERBERT had first called her an "idiot." This defence does not hold in the House, however, and Lady ASTOR "gallantly and reverently"—not to say reluctantly—withdrawed the offending word.

Mr. BEVAN then had a few sarcastic things to say about the Prime Minister, calling him a "good national leader" who had done his best to make mischief in the ranks of the Labour Party.



PLANTING THE OLIVE BRANCH

"The point to be emphasized now is that the peace treaty will be made not for this but for the next generation."

Lord Onslow.

This familiar mixture the House took as before—but rather wondered why Mr. CHURCHILL was not there to prescribe a return dose for Mr. B.

Some time later, when the Bill was well on its way to completion, Mr. ATTLEE solved the problem by announcing that Mr. CHURCHILL, with Mr. EDEN, was at that moment in Moscow. These trips are now so much a part of our public life that nobody turned a hair.

Eventually, long after black—pardon! *dim-out*, the House rose and made its chastened way home.

Tuesday, October 10th.—To-day was notable for The Return of Rupert. The House got quite excited about it—for Rupert is Mr. RUPERT DE LA BERE, the ebullient M.P. for Evesham, who

has been rather silent of late. He is given to emitting loud and fierce slogans at unstated intervals, which amuse the House, astonish visitors, and delight their author.

When a Minister had made a reply to a question, Mr. DE LA BERE rose and stated: "So little done, so much to do!"

Lady ASTOR and Mrs. MAVIS TATE, sitting by his side, cheered loudly. An American officer in the gallery said: "Well, I'm . . ." and left it at that.

Mr. DE LA BERE erupted several times more during an otherwise uneventful Question-time.

"Soon" has often been the subject of strange definitions. To-day, Sir JOHN ANDERSON defined "*an appropriate time*." Definition: "*A little later*."

The temperature in the Straits of Dover being somewhat down, Sir JAMES GRIGG, the War Minister, chose the present as an appropriate time to announce that when they get the "Dismiss!" order, Home Guards will be able to keep most of their kit. But not, apparently, their tin hats or their haversacks. Home Guard M.P.s cheered wintrily.

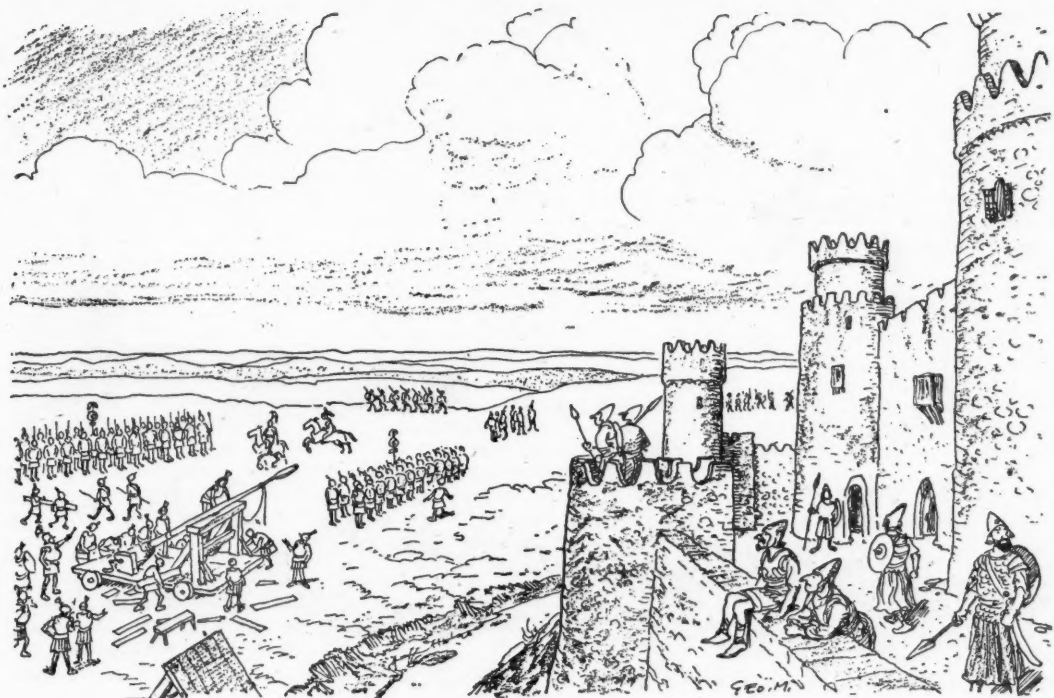
Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, the Home Secretary, moved a Bill which will result in the addition of twenty-five more M.P.s to the present six hundred and fifteen by creating that number of new constituencies. All the Members present talked so loudly and continuously that it was only the fact that Mr. MORRISON was standing that enabled the casual visitor to decide who "had the Floor."

The same casual visitor might have been excused for thinking that an old-fashioned political debate was in hand, for there was frequent reference to "maldistribution," "inequalities" and so forth. But this time the references were to votes and voters, not their possessions.

There is to be a Commission to suggest frequent changes of constituency boundaries. Which rather reminded one of the late Alfred Lester's comment that London would be a marvellous place—when it was finished.

There were loud cheers when Mr. MORRISON thanked Mr. Speaker for having presided over a conference which produced the plans set out in the Bill.

Wednesday, October 11th.—Catching the prevailing craze for Parliamentary definitions, Mr. RICHARD LAW (deputizing most competently for the absent Mr. EDEN) thus defined the well-worn "*I am not in a position to make a statement*"—"It means I cannot make a statement."



"Another secret weapon, I suppose?"

Lord WINTERTON, Parliamentary pioneer, made a new precedent by asking that the reply to a question of his be circulated in *Hansard*. Normally it is the Minister who makes the request.

There was then a debate, as one Member put it, about this and that. And, once more, everybody went home.

Thursday, October 12th.—To-day Mr. ATTLEE, without any deep conviction, announced that everything would be all right on the night or, in other words, that another attempt would be made next week to sort out the squabble over the compensation clauses of the T. and C.P. Bill.

Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD wore an expression which eloquently said "That's all you know!"

"Never Explain"

AS Napoleon, Wellington, Abraham Lincoln, Doctor Johnson, Proust or Osbert Sitwell have so aptly said.

Advice in the grand manner.

One should never start guiltily on one's feet as though about to hasten on

some urgent task if the charwoman comes into the room when one is admiring the new statue one has bought; one must glare, once and for all putting in the wrong the passer-by with whom one has finally collided through indecision as to which side to pass; late for dinner, it is better to smile blandly, cowing one's fellow guests into the conviction that it was overeager and provincial of them to have arrived on time. Those of strong character can, slovenly and unwashed, make the clean feel smug and insipid; overdressed cause the patriotically shabby to shrink into a dark corner; if overgrown make the usual height seem mingy—if dwarfed, clumsy and uncouth.

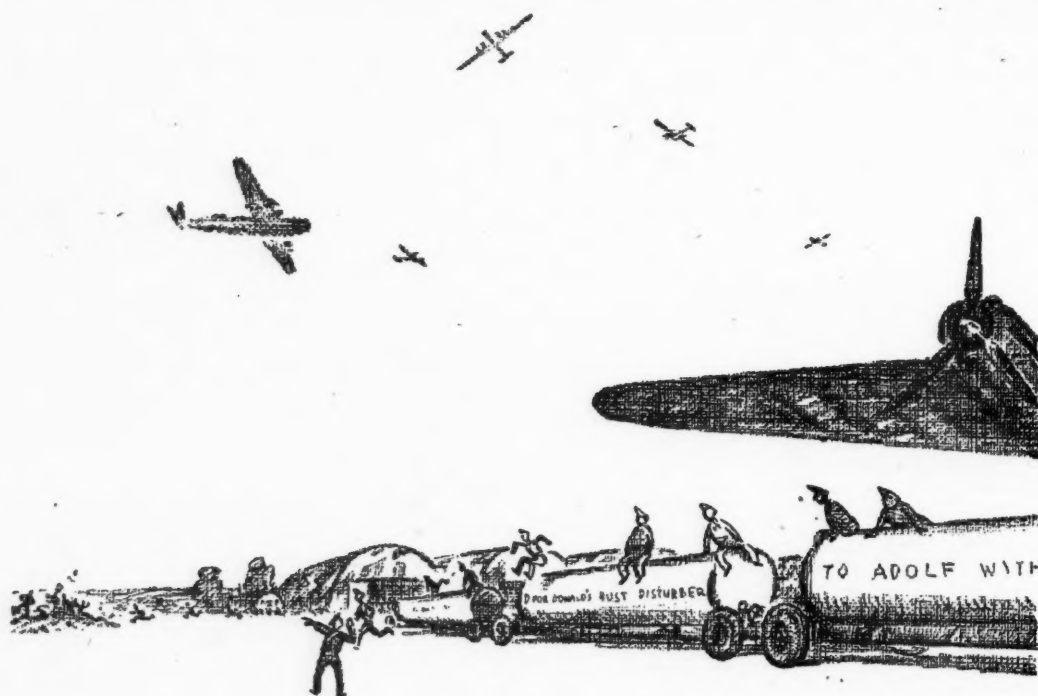
An apology springs readily to the lips of most of us. We wear our inferiority as a cloak smothering the assurance with which we had descended the staircase. If we are dark we envy the glamour of the blonde, regretting the days when the dashing mode was Brunette; if we are wise we covet the confidence of the foolish, if foolish the glibness of the well-informed. The king would be a beggar with no care, while the beggar in his turn sits

spellbound in the ninepennies. However strong-minded, however defiant of convention, conscious of equality, impervious to opinion, unmindful of comment, we find certain occasions hard to weather unruffled.

What, for instance, would you have done if you had been me strolling amiably down Sloane Street in company with your dowdiest, dingiest, dimmest, commonest, cleverest friend, with a strong list to the Left and a taste for provoking argument, and you had met a chic but silly duchess whom you called by her Christian name (you were at school with her), dressed in the trappings of a justly honoured institution? How, let me ask you, would you laugh that one off? Would you pass with a mumble, uncertain of which of them you were most ashamed? Would you sacrifice the Bohemian, secretly planning to let down the duchess later on?

There is much to be said for the advice of the worldly old lady from a century run on more ordered and cautious lines.

"Never, my dear," she would say—"never know anyone who has to be explained."



Silence

"What d'you think? They've just unearthed a board of flint arrowheads!"

One Jump Ahead

"THAT is me," said Nino proudly, "always one jump in head."
"One jump ahead," I suggested.

"Si, si, one jump ahead."

Nino had just shot himself. He was not a very good shot and consequently he had not shot himself very seriously: just a flesh wound in the left arm near enough to the heart for Nino to be heroic about it. But there it was, there were the bandages, and his arm in a sling, and Nino was obviously very proud of himself.

"But how," I asked him, "does it make you one jump ahead? Ahead of what?"

Nino tapped me on the chest and winced theatrically at the pain it caused him. "Listen, Signor Maggiore," he said, promoting me in his usual open-hearted way, "now I am orderly in Amgot. But long-a time ago, nineteen twenty-nine, nineteen t'irty,

I am owner of de Café di Savoia in London—very good, you know it? In-a de West End."

I did know it, curiously enough, though only from the outside. It stood in Lisle Street, Soho (the West End indeed!)—a dingy coffee-house presided over by a fat Italian lady who used to stand in the doorway twenty hours out of the twenty-four. I had a vague recollection too of a small apologetic figure in shirt-sleeves who was always going out for a bottle of milk or to see if the police were anywhere around. So that was Nino.

"I don't know the West End very well," I apologized.

"Well, if-a you know de West End you know my place. Den de British and me, we are good frien', no trouble, pay-a de income-tax just-a like Lord Derby."

"Only not so much."

"Not so much, no, but much,

m-u-c-h!" Nino made a fisherman's gesture with his good arm to show how much. "And bail too, much. I pay always, never no trouble. Den one day we march into Ethiopia. Don't-a make no mistake, Signor Maggiore, we do dis t'ing because we admire de British Empire and so we want same like-a dis. Il Duce——"

"Who?"

"Dat-a fat cur Mussolini, he want to make same as glorious British Boer War, and so it is a bad surprise when de British Govern' say we shall turn-a roun' an' march out again. Not so good, eh?"

"Lots of us thought the same about the Boer War."

"Ah well, who can understan' de British anyway? Still, I am O.K. I am one jump in head, because I say me and Great-a Brit', we are now enemies, so I have goin' de Fascisti, an' nex' time my frien' Filippo Autori

is in trouble—Filippo, you know him? He is waiter in—

"I don't think so."

"Nex' time he is in trouble I say I will not-a pay de bail. You see? Now we are enemies, I not-a pay."

"What happened to your friend?"

"Filippo? He go to jail for two year, Signor Maggiore, but he is sure to get dis anyway, and also he is naturalize' British subject, so we are not-a so good frien' as before."

"I see."

"Only," Nino went on, "it is very sad being enemies, because people do not come to my *ristorante*, although in nineteen t'irty-seven I change-a de name to John Bull Eatink House. But-a by den I am very poor, an' my wife an' I go back to Italy, to Sorrento, where her father and mother live."

"Well, Signor Colonello, in Italy is not so good neither, dere is no work, an' everyone say war, war, war. Still, my wife's father and mother are very good frien'; maybe t'ings are not so bad, except I have to join de Black-shirt Militia; an' den one day de British invade Ethiopia an' I am send off to fight."

"Ah, Signor Maggiore, you cannot know what is like in Ethiopia! I am all the time afraid of de black men, an' also dere is no proper wine, only what is make in Eritrea from dried-a raisin."

"*Per grazia*, I am captured very soon an' it is all finish; I can show how I hate de British by other t'ings, easier t'ings, like I do not listen to de wireless an' I do not march in step when we are on parade."

"Only is not so easy to hate-a de British in de prison-camp, where all is comfortable and good-a food—you know?—an' after two years when my country make-a de armist', I am already one jump in head, because I am now frien' wit' de British, all except our quartermaster who sometime does not give us enough to eat."

"Perhaps you and he have different ideas about what is enough to eat."

"No one can know when another man has had enough to eat," said Nino sagely. "*All' ora*, we are now frien' wit' de British, we are now deir brave allies just-a like de Bolshevik hordes—"

"Careful."

"Like-a de fine Russian soldier; so now I can keep in step and listen to de wireless, and soon because I speak-a so good English I am made orderly in Amgot and return to my native land. Dis is very good, you understand, Signor Maggiore."

"But den I hear how de Italian

Govern' do not sometimes agree an' dere is big conference to say if they shall go on being allies; and dis is very sad, Signore, because if Badoglio resign, maybe we are not allies any more and I go back to de prison-camp. So because I am very sad about dis t'ing, an' because also my officer in Amgot will not let me go to de Opera, I take-a his gun"—tears ran down Nino's brown unshaven cheeks—"and I shoot-a myself, Signor Maggiore! If Britain an' Italy are no more allies, I say, den I will not wish to live, so I am one jump in head an' I shoot-a myself dead!"

There was an uncomfortable interval while Nino sobbed pathetically. At length, however, he wiped his tears and his nose on the sleeve of his jacket and went on.

"But you see, Signore, I am still one jump in head, because Italy is still your brave ally after all—at least, dis week, an' maybe dis is why at de las' moment I do not shoot-a myself much but only in-a de arm. So perhaps soon I will be well again an' go back to work for my British frien'."

"Or, at the worst, for your German allies."

"Oh, no, Signor Maggiore!" Nino was shocked. "Still," he added, shrugging his shoulders, "maybe we mus' be prepare for all t'ings, and yesterday my frien' Andrea Ferrucci give me very good recipe for *sauerkraut*."

The Old Cavalier

MY last-war spurs have spent dull years

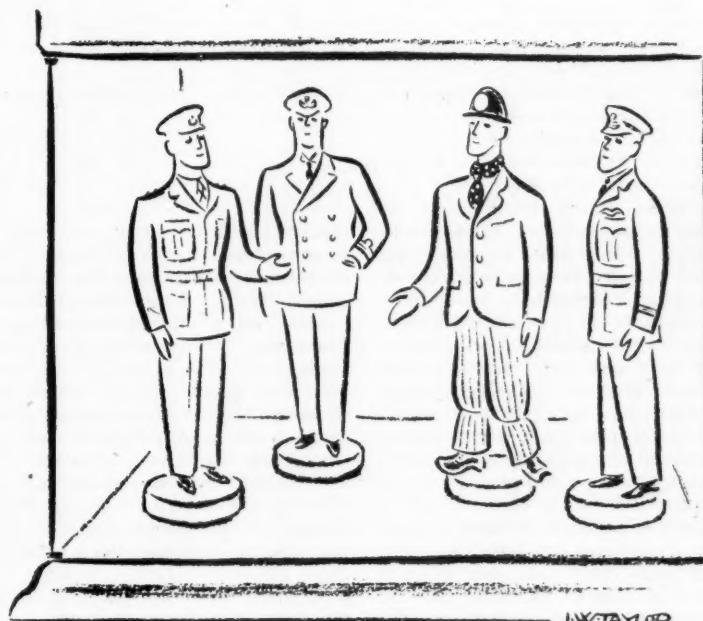
As silly, idle souvenirs,
But that reproach is done away
For I have polished them to-day!
Rubbed like a potent magic ring
A quite impressive guest they bring—
Who but myself, most proud of Loots
When first I strapped them on my boots,

Myself, as young as I was then,
With swank and ignorance for ten;
And with that callow lad appear
The mounts of his long-closed career,
A curious cavalcade, but each
With something of its own to teach.
But soldier-spurs now take their place
Amongst antiques, with lance and mace

Why then, do I, poor senile knight,
Thus toil to make them sparking-bright?

For what parade do I prepare?
Some pageant of the days that were?
For no parade, nor for myself,
But I am happier on my shelf
Because Miss Seventeen perchance
Will deign to don them at a dance!
Of old a squire must win his spurs;
Now, for mere asking, mine are hers

As finish for a cow-girl guise—
Shine, spurs! Who else should take
the prize? W. K. H.



J.W. TAYLOR

At the Play

"SCANDAL AT BARCHESTER" (LYRIC)

IT is the year 1860 in TROLLOPE's Barchester where *Dr. Proudie*, titular Bishop of the diocese, still quails before his wife. Miss VERA WHEATLEY, who has now contrived miraculously to translate *The Last Chronicle of Barset* to the stage, does not give us much of *Mrs. Proudie*. She appears in two or three passages only, badgering the Bishop, conducting an offensive against *Archdeacon Grantley*, and losing a sharp morning duel with the "contumacious" *Mr. Crawley*. Then she fades for ever from Barset record. We are left to assume, grievously but understandably, that the news of her dying fall is music in the Close.

Serenely the play glides between the *Archdeacon's* rectory, the Palace of Barchester (where *Mrs. Proudie* is mightier than the mitred), and *Crawley's* impoverished vicarage at Hoggstock. It is a rare experience in the theatre. Here are the very tones of Barset, the light of its long Victorian afternoons. The purring flow of TROLLOPE's narrative is diverted to the stage with a leisurely ease, and the company so warmly animates the Barsetshire section of *Crockford* that we do not mourn the absence of theatrical alarum and strife. Much honour belongs to Mr. FELIX AYLMER who, for his return to the West End, could hardly have chosen a happier part than *Josiah Crawley*, Hoggstock's perpetual curate. *Crawley* is wrongly supposed, Trollopian will recall, to have stolen a cheque for twenty pounds. Although, at heart, few people—*Mrs. Proudie* always excepted—can credit him with this clerical error, *Crawley* himself, wildly impractical, is quite prepared to believe in his own guilt. Mr. AYLMER, playing this exasperating saint with a beautiful plainness and precision, wins our concern from the first. His performance is matched by that of Miss OLGA LINDO as his wife, patience personified. We are mightily relieved when—the cheque shown at last to have been a gift—the load of mischief

slips from *Crawley's* back and his fortunes soar towards the blue. He succeeds to the vicarage of St. Ewold's. His elder daughter is engaged to *Dr. Grantley's* son. Nothing can now be ill, we gather, in a city freed from the grim government of *Mrs. Proudie*. (Barchester! ah, Barchester! there's peace and holy quiet there).

The dramatist accurately establishes her three households. In the Palace Mr. WALTER PIERS presents a harassed prelate who must share his throne, his study, and his mind. Miss WINIFRED

If Mr. ANTHONY HOLLES is inclined to exaggerate the flourish of *Toogood* the attorney, Mr. FREDERICK HORREY has just the manner for that nibbling church mouse the *Rev. Caleb Thumble*. Altogether, the piece is a notably satisfying journey in the province of Barset: Miss WHEATLEY has coaxed the novel upon the stage, not bullied it. We are never burdened by the gas-and-gaiters of Wardour Street Victorianism, and certainly no venture in the TROLLOPE country could be more felicitous than Mr. AYLMER's as the sad shepherd of Hoggstock. J. C. T.

"HAPPY FEW" (CAMBRIDGE)

In October 1942 a band of brothers is arrayed before El Alamein. A young English lieutenant and six or eight men—among them a Cockney, a Scot, an Irishman, and a Free Frenchman—are holding a dangerous advanced post. To them comes a stretcher-bearer, one *Everett*, wounded in both hands. Although he is a stranger, men feel that they know his face. His spirit shines through him; he is strikingly calm and gentle; affection for him grows as the days pass. He brings food when it is sorely needed; later he saves a man's sight. When at last relief arrives, the soldier who had been sent to find the relieving force swears that *Everett* was by him on the march. It is then that the Stretcher-bearer vanishes into the desert as swiftly as he came. Behind, the men of El Alamein know that they have entertained an angel unawares.

Happy Few is, in effect, *The Passing of the Third-Floor Back* transferred to the battlefield. ("The Lord... walketh in the midst of thy camp"). "PAUL ANTHONY"—the pseudonym of a serving soldier—gains our respect if not our full acceptance. He lacks the experience and the craft to make a persuasive play of so daunting a subject; his soldiers cannot rank with those of *Desert Highway*. Yet the failure is valiant. For this attempt to scale a perilous cliff the author deserves at least an honourable mention in theatrical dispatches—and with him Mr. ANTHONY HAWTREY (the *Everett*), Mr. JOHN SLATER and Mr. TONY QUINN. J. C. T.



THE BISHOP PROCLAIMS THROUGH HIS LOUD-SPEAKER.

Mrs. Proudie MISS WINIFRED OUGHTON
Dr. Proudie MR. WALTER PIERS
Dr. Grantley MR. MILTON ROSMER

OUGHTON's firing power may not be strong enough for *Mrs. Proudie*, but the thunders of her cannon-in-residence should disappoint none but an importunate Trollopian. In the rectory of Plumstead Episcopi, where Mr. MILTON ROSMER—in full voice and vigour—and Miss JOAN HENLEY adorn the *Grantleys*, there is a touching miniature of old *Septimus Harding* (now a silvery wraith) by Mr. STANLEY LATHBURY. Mr. DENNIS PRICE speaks well for Victorian manhood as young *Major Grantley*, *Crawley's* prospective son-in-law, and out at Hoggstock his *Grace* (Miss DOROTHY HYSON) justifies her name, though the part is fainter than the rest.



"I expects you're the kind 'oo when it's all over 'opes to escape to the Argentine!"

The War: When will it End? Name Your Day.

OUR special correspondent interviewed a number of the nation's leading prognosticators this morning and asked them when they felt the war would end. They replied as follows:

Lord Fuddlesham: It all depends on which war you mean. I take it that you mean the present war. In a certain sense it has ended already. If you speak of this war as part of the last war, I may remind you that the last war ended on November 11th 1918, and I see no reason why this war should not do the same.

Ellery Blenny, M.P.: A very interesting question and I am glad you brought it up. I think it should end all right by Boxing Day, though of course there will be certain odds and ends to tidy up. I believe December 9th is St. Cyprian's Day and that would be a very appropriate day too. One is apt to forget the Mediterranean. Mind you, I know little more than you do, though I do know that little well.

Lord Dibble: I do not think the war will end at all. On the contrary. But it will change. I look for the complete collapse of Germany early next week, after which we shall have to fight them upside down, as it were. Japan is a different matter, both geographically and ethnologically. I have gone into this in my book and see no reason why you cannot purchase a copy.

Major-General Sir Nichol Steele (late Military Adviser to William IV): We are now entering the critical period between the two crucial periods predicted by me. If we can take advantage of this the war should be over by January 6th (my birthday). Certainly, we have made mistakes. I have never made any myself, but I know many generals who have done so, and I have studied their careers with pleasure. "In war it is the man who makes the last mistake who proves he is still there." Times have changed since Ney said that, though I doubt if *The Times* has, much. Warfare, nevertheless, is pretty much the same throughout the

ages, whatever the weapons; you will find that men still win or lose, I think. The collapse of Germany will be hardly distinguishable from the collapse of Stanistan in 1867. That was caused by an earthquake, I remember, but the principles are the same.

Madame La Devineresse: The war? It will end when an Irishman, an Iranian, and an Iron Man stand together on the banks of the Irrawaddy. And not a day sooner. Ten shillings.

Professor Prink: It might end to-morrow. It might end next year. But that is not the point. How will it end, where will it end, what will it end, and whom will it end? And why? Answer these, and your question answers itself, I think. However, if you want me to select a day at random, I am happy to choose May 10th, not only because my dandelion wine should be just about right by then, but because this would give us quite a few months in which to get on with the war, a most important thing in these busy days when time is all too short.



"She said quote NO gin period unquote."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Individualists

EVEN the best of us (poor Prodnoses that we are) cannot quite say what it is that makes us hungry for BEACHCOMBER. A skilled parodist, with a wonderful sense of the incongruous, he has an elusive humour—but stop, didn't he once define "elusive" as "an adjective only applied to overpowering French perfumes"? . . . BEACHCOMBER is an individualist—and this although he belongs to a school, the carefree school of G. K. Chesterton which tramped the Sussex downs, sighed for the wines of Provence, and proclaimed a man's right to sing loudly when the mood takes him and break anyone's head if their face displeases him. In his new collection, *Captain Foulenough and Company* (MACMILLAN, 8/6), there is more of his offensive against legal, scientific and artistic jargon and against anything dehydrated, austerity, utility, priority, or world-mindedness. *Captain Foulenough* reappears, and so do *Captain Batter-Pudden*, *Mr. Justice Cocklecarrot*, *Dr. Strabismus*, the fascinating spy *Dingi-Poos*, *Dr. Smart-Allick*, *Lady Cabstanleigh*. . . "Extend your long, furry ears, my spavined readers". . . take it or leave it, and be damned to you—perhaps that is the secret of BEACHCOMBER's art, and if you like it you will find something of the same diehard individualism in JACK YEATS. In *And To You Also* (ROUTLEDGE, 6/-) he jettisons some more of the memories which "were filling up too well cabin and hold." The charm of his books seems like a reflexion from the flying cloud and shifting light of his paintings—the uncertain light of Western Ireland. There are reminiscences—mostly of great horses and pugilists and the kind of pictures that still hang in Irish country hotels. They pour out in a golden stream of words, full of hidden allusions and chance snatches of verse. The gift of the gab, yes—but since in the Ireland of James Joyce each separate level of the subconscious has had a chance to kiss the Blarney Stone, no one can be blamed if they occasionally get lost. Wandering, however, is pleasant, and there are twenty-four pen-and-ink sketches at the end for readers who, in the author's own words, "breast the gravelly storm as far as this without a breather."

P. M. F.

"It's Never Too Late to Mend."

"Either war is a crusade," said R. H. Tawney, quoted in *What America Means to Me* (METHUEN, 6/-), "or it is a crime"; and the sixteen speeches and articles of this exhilarating and timely book are largely a gloss on this cautionary aphorism. Every free people envisages a war as a crusade at the outset—an attitude necessarily qualified by the knowledge that "no nation has a clean record." As it goes on the crusade needs cautiously watching to prevent it degenerating into a crime, its ends diverted, or betrayed by their means; and this, Mrs. PEARL S. BUCK suggests, is tending to happen everywhere. Some of us want to beat the Axis and get on with power politics and the next war. Some of us are really prepared to abandon prejudices, privileges, isolation and irresponsibility for the sake of the Four Freedoms. The writer is of course fortunate in that the Chinese environment of her youth has given her a genuine understanding both of Eastern spirituality and of that Christian wisdom which the West has so largely jettisoned. She sees doctrines of racial supremacy as the greatest danger to world peace, and Germany's variant as only one degree more cruel, crude and ridiculous than some of its counterparts elsewhere.

H. P. E.

John Middleton Murry

MR. MIDDLETON MURRY has always been divided between the desire to inaugurate a kingdom of heaven on earth and the conviction that the golden age is a vision of something not attainable in this life. In his latest book, *Adam and Eve* (ANDREW DAKERS, 10/6), he writes at one point—"The use of the golden age as a criterion of natural living is legitimate enough, provided it is remembered that the conception is ideal." But for the most part his impulse to plan a perfect world, and his expectation that such a perfect world is realizable, if not imminent, has once more proved too strong for him. His argument is, briefly, as follows. In a stable society there is a pattern of living which is inherited from the past. He gives his own family as an example. For many generations they were shipwrights, but when battleships began to be made of steel their occupation was gone. Mr. MURRY's grandfather became the tenant of a public-house in Bow, his father was a writer at the War Office, and Mr. MURRY himself went to Christ's Hospital and Oxford. "The pattern was broken: and I did not make sense. . . . And my life since then has been largely spent in an effort to make sense of myself." Machinery having broken a pattern of living which satisfied our ancestors, our present problem, Mr. MURRY says, is to reincorporate "man and his machine into the cycle of Nature." The common man must again find fulfilment in his daily work, but this will only be possible after he has regenerated his relationship with woman. "A new Adam and a new Eve alone can and will make this tortured and violated earth the simple paradise which God meant it to be." The attraction, seemingly as strong as ever, of D. H. Lawrence for Mr. MURRY is explained by the fact that Lawrence too preached sexual beatitude as the cure of earthly ills. But he also, in his last book, preached totalitarianism and the obliteration of the individual. A spoilt child, like Hitler, Lawrence wanted to be mothered and indulged through life, erected this craving into a philosophy, and condemned all forms of transcendentalism because they conflicted with his thirst for the immediate and complete satisfaction of all his desires. In a less extreme form Mr. MURRY shares Lawrence's longing to return to the shelter of maternal love. It is in this longing that all his panaceas originate,

and perhaps because of it that his remarkable critical gift has hitherto revealed itself only in flashes. H. K.

New England Goes to War.

Perhaps it is too much to expect that a novelist who takes the current war for a theme should contribute some critical understanding of the cataclysm instead of exploiting it as a purveyor of strong situations. Also the *Hills* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 12/6) lavishes what discernment it does exhibit on the domestic side of its story, and the war which impinges on the routine of a farming family in a New England village takes on the air of an epidemic rather than that of a national commitment. All the young *Farmans* succumb. *Jerome* is called up and makes a hasty war-wedding with a Creole heiress. *Judith* throws over her farmer fiancé—now more than ever in need of a helpmate—and takes up nursing. *Jenness*, a mysterious Congressman's feather-pated secretary, gets involved in the German Secret Service. The interest of these adventures, told by Mrs. FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES in considerable detail, is in inverse ratio to their topicality; and the home-spun ways of the old *Farmans* parents, contrasted with the exotic graces of their more civilized daughter-in-law, are more memorable than *Jenness's* Washington trial or *Judith's* experiences in Africa. H. P. E.

The Peace Conference of 1919

Unfinished Business (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 18/-) is a secret diary of the Paris Peace Conference of 1918-1919, kept by Colonel STEPHEN BONSAI at the request of President Wilson. Neither President Wilson nor his adviser Colonel House was an accomplished linguist, and it was Colonel BONSAI's task to sit close behind them and whisper sentence-by-sentence translations of all the speeches made in French, President Wilson, unlike most persons on these occasions, not being content with a general summary. Colonel BONSAI closes his record with a remark made by General Smuts—"Not Wilson, but humanity failed at Paris." It would certainly be absurd to blame President Wilson for failing to reconcile the innumerable interests and egotisms which clashed at Paris, but in spite of Colonel BONSAI's natural desire to take as favourable a view as possible of the President's attitude to persons and problems, the total impression of Wilson left by his record is of a vain and intractable doctrinaire. Clemenceau, on the other hand, emerges as not only much more human and attractive than Wilson but as more reasonable and more conciliatory. Among many episodes which illustrate the difficulty of harmonizing the differences of national temperaments, one of the most illuminating is an account of a protracted discussion between Lord Robert Cecil and M. Bourgeois over the necessity for an international force. The Frenchman was "for making everything very precise"; the Englishman for not taking action "unless the impending danger was in full view." H. K.

English Bachelor

The Bachelor (LONGMANS, 10/6) has a subject Jane Austen would have appreciated—that of the modest, easy-going man jealously guarded against himself by two strong-minded but kindly sisters. With Miss Austen, too, it would certainly have ended in a love-match, probably more convincingly than here. After all, we have since had the Russians, and we are no longer so confident that marriage is the end of the story, except in a slighting sense. Miss GIBBONS tells most of her story—

how the dull, prosperous *Fielding* household was profoundly modified by a barbarous pretty girl from the Balkans—with every virtue a writer can be asked for: with wit, with sympathy, with insight and amusement. Her triumph, however, lies in what may seem easy—until you recall the average juvenile in fiction or on the stage: she provides characters for two intelligent, nervous, difficult and delightful young people. As for her bachelor himself, much as we like (whatever we may pretend) a romantic ending it would have been nearer truth to have left him getting over his loss and meaning, one day, to go searching for the girl who had caused all the disturbance and was now, herself, happy elsewhere. J. S.

Much Ado

At a first look-through, Miss ROSAMUND LEHMANN's new novel, *The Ballad and the Source* (COLLINS, 9/6), appears impressive. One could use several fact-dodging adjectives, such as *sensitive*, *significant* and *powerful*, about it, but they would ring no more truly than the book does. Even if one tries to believe that the child who tells the story and listens to its several versions is no more than a peg to hang that story on, one cannot convince oneself. The child is not in a trance; she is only being humbugged by Mrs. *Jardine*, the first story-teller, an intensely selfish neurotic, who chooses to describe the love-lives of herself and her daughter. No child would remember phrases like this—"Ah, there is one corruption above all that stinks to heaven, and that is the odour of sanctified perversion." The second recorder, rather more like life, is a sewing-maid. The third is *Ianthe's* daughter, *Maisie*, disagreeable, unhappy, a born debunker, but real enough. The story itself contains patches of fine writing, but it is too out of perspective to be convincing. B. E. B.



"Hard luck about the no-umbrella-when-in-uniform, Judith."

L'Allegro

... Then to my wel-sprung chair anon,
The last sad ray of twilight gone,
Where *Watt* and *Volta* through the wire
Lead in the barr'd and glowing fire,
Or flickering coles, with softer light,
Temper the frosty edge of Night.
So turn the moving circle round
To ope the magick gates of sound
And catch those wand'ring waves that fare
Softly on th' expectant ayr.
First come, to banish Melancholy,
The brisk and cheerfull strains of Folly,
If *Handley* and his crew beguile
The hour with jest and wanton wile,
And cap and gown keep holyday
Beneath the rod of antick *Hay*,
Or what beside of quip or mock
Enliven'd hath the airy sock.
Then list where tunefull *Woodgate* vies
With *Shadwell* to enchant the skies
With voices that harmonious ring,
Or hands that sweep the trembling string.
And some time let the needle free
The prison'd soul of harmony
From discs that dainty *Doris* chooses
Where long-congealed Musick loses
Itself in waxy silence, till,
With giddy maze and wanton trill,
Melodious fancies still'd in vain
Fall loose upon the ayr again.
So held by Musick's subtle power
Forget awhile the flying houre,
'Less *Elrick* and *Geraldo* greet
With curious swing the lightsome feet
In merry dance and decent riot;
Till, last, come easefull Peace and Quiet,
Such spirits as with *Morpheus* keep
The husht and silent doors of Sleep....

All Right on Paper

"HELLO. Who's that?"
"Hello."
"Is that Captain Hubbard?"
"Hubbard here. Who's that?"
"Oh, hello, Hubbard. Foster here."
"Who?"
"Captain Foster."
"Oh, hello, Foster. Now what?"
"I say."
"Yes?"
"What about cupboards in your Section?"
"Cupboards?"
"The steel things, you know, filing things. It's this confounded inventory, you see, that I'm trying to get ready

for Stores, and I seem to be all right on everything but cupboards. I suppose you haven't got three in your Section?"

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised. Do you mean the steel, double-doored cabinets; green, with shelves on one side and drawers on the other?"

"That sounds like it, yes. Except that they're cupboards, you know. They're not cabinets."

"Aren't they? I always call them cabinets."

"They're cupboards, really. Stores Vocabulary is quite clear on that. It says 'A.285M (Small)'—that's the Stores Reference—"

"Yes, well, I expect—"

"'A.285M (Small),' it says—'Cupboard, filing, steel, lockable, small.' I've got the Vocabulary here in front of me, as a matter of fact, so if you like to check up—"

"What about them?"

"What's that?"

"I said, what about these cabinets?"

"The cupboards, you mean. Well, all I wondered was whether perhaps you could check up through your Section and see if you have any—three, if possible."

"I'll do that, yes. I know I've got one. I've got it here in front of me, as it happens."

"Good, well, if you'd try and find two more..."

"I'll have a look round. Ring you back."

"Right-ho, thanks very much, Hubbard."

"Right-ho, Foster."

"Good-bye, Hubbard."

"Good-bye, Foster."

* * * * *

"Is that Foster?"

"Who do you want?"

"I wanted Captain Foster. Captain Hubbard here."

"Oh, hello, Hubbard. This is Hooper."

"Hello, Hooper. How are you?"

"All right, old boy. How are you?"

"All right. Is Foster about?"

"Afraid not, old man. He's gone off to Stores, raving about furniture. He's got the inventory at the end of the week, you know."

"Yes, he rang me up about some cabinets. Wanted to know if I'd got any. Do you know anything about it?"

"Well, I don't actually, but I'll take a message for you if you like. Are you trying to get some cabinets—is that it?"

"No, he wanted to know if I'd got three."

"I see. And have you?"

"Yes. In fact I've got eight. I sent an N.C.O. round the Section and he found eight."

"Good-ho. Right. I'll tell him that you've got eight cabinets. Right?"

"Right-ho, thanks. Oh, I say, Hooper!"

"Yes?"

"Sorry, I thought you'd gone. Look—cupboards, not cabinets."

"Not cabinets?"

"Foster likes to call them cupboards. Tell him I've got eight cupboards, filing, steel, small. All right?"

"Right. Cheer-ho, Hubbard."

"Thanks very much. Cheer-ho, Hooper."

* * * * *

"Hello—who's that?"

"Hubbard here."

"Oh. Captain Hubbard?"

"Yes. Who's that?"

"Captain Foster, here."

"Oh, hello, Foster. Did you get my message about the cabinets?"

"Cabinets?"

"Cupboards, then, if you like. You rang me up about cupboards this morning."

"Yes, rather. You were going to ring me back, and never did."

"But didn't you get my message? I got on to Hooper. He said he'd give you a message."

"Oh, well, he never did. Forgot, I expect. Anyway, it's all right about the cupboards."

"But I've got—"

"I've checked up with Stores, and they say you haven't got any."

"They say *what*?"

"They say there aren't any of these cupboards on your charge at all. So I thought I'd tell you before you started hunting for them. I needn't have bothered you at all, really, only I didn't know until I—"

"Just a minute, Foster. Look here."

"What?"

"I've got eight of these cabinets."

"Cupboards, old boy."

"Cupboards, then. Eight, I've got. I sent an N.C.O. round, checking up, and he's found eight."

"Can't have."

"But he has."

"Must have made a mistake."

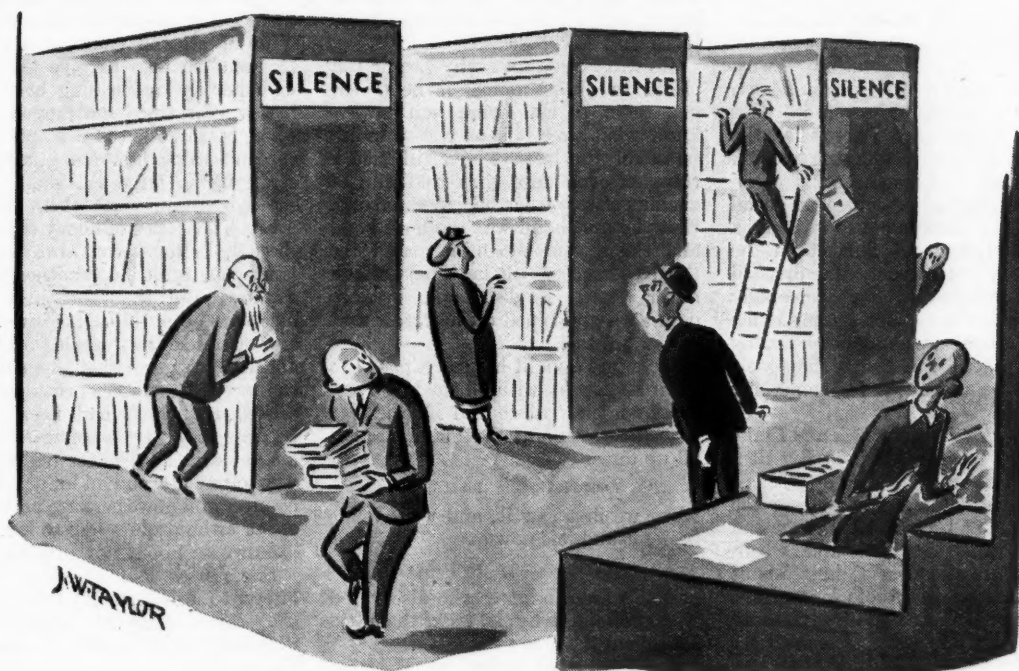
"But, my dear man—!"

"You see, as far as I'm concerned you're absolutely clear. Nothing to worry about at all. Forget the whole thing. I've got to get on to one or two Sections about some half-inch varnish brushes."

"Varnish brushes?"

"Well—brushes, varnish, if you like—"

"I don't like. And I don't like this



"All right! All right!! All RIGHT!!!"

business about the cabinets, either. I tell you I've got eight——"

"I suppose you haven't got a dozen half-inch brushes, varnish, in your Section?"

"No, I certainly have not. I've got——"

"Quite sure?"

"Yes, I am, quite—oh, wait a minute, though——"

"Yes?"

"Well, now, it's a funny thing, Foster. Ordinarily I should say I had got a bundle of small varnish brushes——"

"That's splendid, if you have. But what do you mean—'ordinarily'——?"

"The only thing is, you see, that I've got them in front of me at the moment——"

"But that's fine——"

"—lying in the bottom of one of my eight steel cabinets."

"But you haven't got . . ."

"No, that's just it. I haven't got any steel cabinets—or cupboards, either, have I, Foster?"

"But, look, I——"

"Good-bye, Foster."

"Here, I say, can't you—I mean——"

"Good-bye, Foster." J. B. B.

Office Hours

DORIS says when I first started telling her this was the darkest hour before the dawn it must have been about dusk on a foggy winter afternoon, but here's the dawn really coming along at last with the dim-out, and every time I pass one of those old notices warning you about

AIR-RAID DANGERS
Conceal Your Lights

it brightens me up no end to remember all the dismal things we've come through and forgotten, but then of course Doris and I can't really talk, having been in London all along and not Dover or some of those Kent villages. But it even seems ages ago already since we were emptying the window-sills every night in case we were blown out and piling them up again next morning in case we were blown in with one of those flying bombs.

Anyway what's the use of saying you can't put the clock back when that's just what we all did the other Saturday, and all I can say is I wish I'd done it myself instead of letting

Willie touch the thing because it's never been the same since. Of course I know most office boys will break a thing as soon as look at it, but I thought we'd trained Willie better, though Doris did say he'd wear it out with looking at it so much and kept telling him he was lucky to have a clock to watch at all nowadays—just look at the street clocks!

But when the clock kept stopping I told Willie to take it up to the Drawing Office and see if they couldn't do something about it, being very handy people some of them, and he'd better fill the ink-wells at the same time because I had some more forms to fill in. And he'd hardly got out of the door when we heard a crash and the clock came bouncing down from stair to stair and Jim, my boy-friend in the D.O., came running out to ask who Willie had been bumping off this time, and found him all covered with blood and rushed him off to the first-aid people in the works.

Doris and I got out the insurance policy quick and were just trying to decide whether Willie did or didn't

come under consequence, whether direct or indirect, of War, Invasion, Act of Foreign Enemy, Hostilities (whether War be declared or not), Civil War, Rebellion, Revolution, Insurrection or Military or Usurped Power, when in walked Willie, beaming all over with just a bandage on his finger, the rest of the blood being the red-ink bottle he'd put in his pocket.

Just like Willie of course to go all through the dooodle-bugs without a scratch and then cut himself on the office clock! However, the first-aid people were glad to have somebody fresh to practise on, not getting much variety since we stopped having invasion practices with half the people dying to be casualties for something to do.

So now we've got no clock and I take back all I've ever said about Big Ben, for I don't know what we'd do without him till we get a new one from the Horology Pool, because you can't spend all your time Timming and whenever Mr. Head starts talking about taking time by the forelock it makes me think of Hitler. I think myself the great thing is to get elevenses over punctually by 10.30 and tea early too, because you do your best work after both. Though every time I remind Willie to put the kettle on, Doris is sure to look up and say "Is it that time already?" though you'd think by now she'd know it must be or else the clock's stopped and it's more.

It's funny how careful you've got to be what you say to foreigners though. The other day when our refugee came in just as she was thinking about lunch, Doris said to him

without thinking, "How's the enemy?" before he'd even finished shaking hands, and all he could do was stand there and say "Please?"

He can't make out why people put clocks in dining-rooms, it being the one room in the house you always know what time it is or you wouldn't be there. But he says he's had a clock complex ever since they told him at evening classes when he first came over that the first hand was the hour hand and the second the minute and the third the second till he thought he'd never learn English and got so depressed and blued off he threw a fit of the browns.

He's just bought himself a pencil to learn history by with all the kings and queens in red, white and blue in two tiny little columns, but he'd used it all up down to

Anne 1702

Rd II 1377

when we first saw it, and then Willie broke it and it's now at

Chs II 1660

Hy III 1216

and he wants to know who discovered England and why it took them till Thousand Sixty-six.

I thought of going to Hastings myself for the second week of my holidays if Mr. Head would only make up his mind when he's going to the Midlands again, but Doris and I think he's afraid to budge in case he misses peace. And Doris's girl-friend who's in the Civil Service is afraid she'll miss it in the dim-out because her wireless has gone wrong and she was relying on no black-out to let her know if it was announced after office hours.

Now she's doing for herself you'd

think she'd be getting a bit thinner, but not a bit of it and our refugee says there's still too much meat on her in spite of all the chops and changes. He went to help us give her a hand with her spring-cleaning because it's just a year since she moved in, and when he saw all those empty jars he couldn't think how her jam turnover could be so large till she explained she'd been collecting them to bottle.

She's got a pot of honey this month, though, because you always see the jam you want in another grocer's window, and the label said it was made with the addition of invert sugar, and of course that puzzled our refugee and us too. And then she showed us the nice little clothes-brush she'd just picked up which had been released because they were a frustrated export, and he said he'd never realized there was so much Freudian influence in this country and now there are no bombs to speak of he'd quite like to know what she dreamt about nowanights.

She's been lent about quite a bit lately to different departments, but she says wherever they've been evacuated to the address is always the Grand Hotel and you've got to be careful where you write to which. It all makes a nice change, she says, but she's had one or two disappointments. Knowing the Civil Service she wasn't really surprised to find the Senior Provision Officer hadn't anything to do with rations, but she did feel a bit hopeful when she was transferred to Special Stocking Licences, and you can quite understand what she felt like when she found herself dealing with winter reserves for the Ministry of Fuel.



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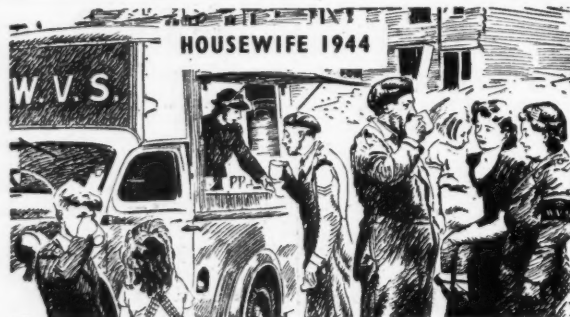


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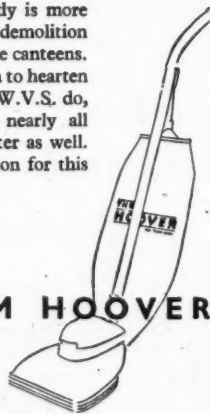
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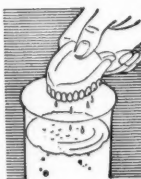
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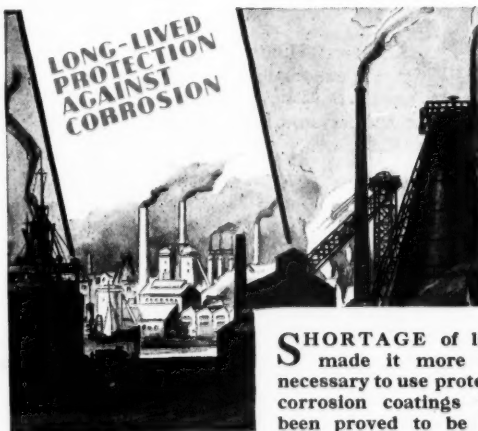
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